

The Road

Jackson Browne

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[Verse 1]

[G]Highways and Dancehalls,
a [Am7] song takes you far
[G]You write about the m[Em]oon
and you d[C]ream about the st[Am]ars...

[G]Blues in old motel rooms,
g[Am7] irls in daddy s cars
[G]You sing about the n[Em]ight
and you l[C]augh about the sc[Am]ars...

[G]Coffee in the morning,
C[Am7] ocaine afternoons
[G]You talk about the w[Em]eather
and you gr[C]in about the r[Am]ooms...

[G]Phone calls long distance
to t[Am7] ell you how you ve been
[G]You forget about the l[Em]osses,
you ex[C]aggerate the w[Am]ins...

[Chorus]

[Em]And when you st[Am7]op
to let them kn[Cm]ow you ve got it d[C]own...
It s j[C]ust another t[Am7]own al[D7]ong the r[G]oad.

[Verse 2]

[G]Ladies come to see you,
if your n[Am7] ame still rings a bell
[G]They give you damn near n[Em]othin
and they ll s[C]ay they knew you w[Am]ell...

So you t[G]ell em you ll remember,
but they kn[Am7] ow it s just a game
And al[G]ong the way their f[Em]aces
all beg[C]in to look the s[Am]ame...

[Chorus]

[Em]And when you st[Am7]op
to let them kn[Cm]ow you ve got it d[C]own...
It s j[C]ust another t[Am7]own al[D7]ong the r[G]oad.

[Bridge]

Well it [G]isn t for the money

and it s [Am7] only for a while,
[G]You stalk about the r[Em]ooms
and you r[C]oll aw[ay the m[Am]iles...

[G]Gamblers in the neon,
cl[Am7]ingin to guitars,
[G]You write about the m[Em]oon
and you re wr[C]ong about the st[Am]ars...

[Chorus]

[Em]And when you st[Am7]op
to let them kn[Cm]ow you ve got it d[C]own...
It s j[C]ust another t[Am7]own al[D7]ong the r[G]oad.